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Across South Africa.

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Being an account of a journey taken by Rev. Allen Lea, General Missionary Secretary of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of South Africa.

(1) *Through Northern Zululand.*

(2) *From Northern Zululand, through Natal and the Orange Free State, to and through South-West Africa.*

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Through Northern Zuluand.

I.—The Black Man at the Cross-Roads.

In pursuance of my duties as the Missionary Secretary, my itinerary this year includes a visit to our Mission Stations in Northern Zululand. One wishes to be personally informed of the actual field of our service, the real needs of the land, and to see and cheer the missionaries and their helpers in actual service.

My itinerary was carefully arranged by Rev. E. H. Hurcombe and Miss Prozesky. It had to be completed before Mr. Poulson assumed control of Maputa and it provided for an intensive-extensive piece of work—possible, of course, but not easy of accomplishment.

I left Durban on July 27, and after a call and service at Darnall on the way, I struck the rail for Zululand at 8.16 a.m. on July 29, reaching Somkele at 5 p.m. Met by my old friend, Mr. S. B. Theunissen, we motored to his home at Ntondweni. It was a joy to be under his roof and to greet his wife again after some dozen years.

It was intensely interesting travelling through the coastal belt of Zululand from the Tugela river to Somkele, the present railhead, and to pass into the great native area, known as No. 3 Reserve. This is a track of country 32 miles long and 22 miles wide. It is a delightful piece of uplands rising out of

a long low-lying plain which has been divided into European settlements, where our White Settlers are certainly developing a piece of country that the Black man could not make use of.

These Settlements stretch from the Tugela to and beyond the Pongola River. In order they are known as the *Amatikulu*, the *Ginginghlovu*, the *Mtunzine*, the *Umhlatuzi* (Felixton,) *Empangeni*, *Kwambonambi*, *Umfolozi*, *Mtubatuba*, *Mgalozi*, *Hluhluwe*, *Mkuzi* and the *Pongolo* settlements. There are from 50 to 230 farms in each. These farms vary in size, from, say, 400 to 3,000 acres. The Ndumu Estate is much larger and one farm bordering on Portuguese territory has 6,000 acres.

The farms must be individually owned and personally occupied. The conditions of purchase are favourable to the Settler.

From the Tugela to Somkele the great industry is sugar and the growing cane meets your gaze everywhere. The season has been good and a spirit of hope prevails. These pioneer settlers in Zululand deserve great credit for the courage with which they have essayed their tasks. The difficulties are those peculiar to pioneer work in winning a land from "the raw" to the cultivated. The special trials are occasioned by periodic droughts and occasional flood-storms. In one area a year ago the water came down the lowlands like a solid wall 25 feet high, devastating everything before it, blocking up, for instance, the waterway under the bridge of the Umfolosi river, and marking out a new river bed,

incidentally flooding a sugar mill that had just cost £170,000 to recondition as a going concern.

This part of Zululand is still troubled with malaria and the settlers are exposed to constant ill-health, and no settlement has been won to efficient utility without its sacrifice of life through fever. Gradually, as " the raw " gives place to the cultivated, " the water-pans," the breeding places of the mosquitos, will be destroyed.

It is the enterprise of the white man that is going to redeem this infested belt and make it fit for both white and black to live happily therein.

Another pest is the tsetse fly and the ravages of "nagaan" (the disease caused by the tsetse fly) are a cruel handicap for the settlers, more particularly beyond the Location, known as the No. 3 Native Reserve. Here is the Hluhluwe Settlement of eighty farms, sixty of which are occupied. *Nagaan* is the great source of worry. The cattle die like flies. Cotton is the staple article of farming. The failure of last year's crop, through flooding rains, has set back the clock of progress. The settlers would gladly give up cotton for sugar cane. It is but a " fair second " in value to sugar. But climatic conditions are so different, even from the adjacent areas, as to make growing of sugar a less valuable asset than lower down the coast. There is practically no rain in the winter for four months, and the cane has a very poor chance compared with other coastal belts. Whether cotton will become an " abiding commodity " in Zululand

remains to be proved. I imagine there is a serious doubt, if the settlers get half a chance to put in cane.

The railway deviation at and extension from Matubatuba (name of the local chief) station for 86 miles through the lowlands, flanked on the East by St. Lucia Lake for some 45 miles and leaving Somkele high and dry in the Reserve, will open up considerable Crownlands that may well be given to European settlement. The natives have not made good in developing this area. The white man's enterprise will put to purposes of utility a stretch of country called the fever belt of Zululand—for long known as the death trap of the native people; but which, when rid of the ravages of malaria and Nagaan, may become a valuable asset to South Africa.

Even the preservation of the Game Reserve away in the uplands, the edges of which I saw from Ntondweni, some 130 miles from "Threlfall" in Maputaland as the crow flies, may cease. There the zebra is a pest, so much so that it is classed in the country as "vermin." Without a doubt the zebra and the tsetse fly go together, and, it is said, "destroy the zebra and you will in large measure destroy the troublesome bringer of nagaan." At least two out of the three Game Reserves should be put to better use.

One encouraging feature of the coastal belt is the large plantations of gum-trees one sees all along the line; growing straight and tall and looking very much at home in the spaces not devoted to the dominant sugar-cane. It is a

pleasing feature of the landscape and will prove of immense value in conserving the humidity of the atmosphere and in the end yielding a wealth of timber for the country's use.

There has been much talk of native land interests being injured by the Government concessions for white settlements. It is, of course, a matter of debate, and needs to be considered impartially.

To begin with, inherent rights in a country won by conquest are the same. The Zulus won the land by making war on other tribes whom they defeated and enslaved and destroyed. The white man won the battle when the contest came between white and black, and although the southern boundary of it was fixed at the Tugela river, thus delimiting the area at least, the Zulus remained a people sufficiently strong to be called a nation still and they occupy some of the most valuable tracts of the country—the envy of the avaricious white man. The area of Native Reserves in Northern Zululand is over 2,240,000 acres and an equal amount in Crown lands.

Then the Natives have not—and, may be, were not able—had not the capacity, nor the ambition to effectively occupy the land. Leave out the coastal belt where white settlements are being established—take, for instance, No. 3 Native Reserve through which I passed. As already stated, it is a tract of rich arable land, undulating in character, with pleasing kopjes and scores of streams breaking up the country. It is 30 miles by 22 miles in extent—roughly, and it

cannot be said to be really occupied by the Native people. There is but one kraal, at the most, say, 10 huts in an area of 1,000 acres. I passed through miles of beautiful grass lands all running to waste.

I suppose that if a policy of close occupation and intensive agricultural development were undertaken these nine Reserves would provide for ten times the number of natives now in occupation. The Native population in Northern Zululand is 90,000.

If in Basutoland there are 42 natives to the mile, in Zululand there is only one to the mile—what a contrast!

Again, it must be urged that the new richness of the land provides the native with an excuse for indiligence. His cattle do well—those that are born here and are immune against *nagaan*: he is content with the crudest manner of home and clothing and food; in a word he has no ambition but *to be left alone*. What cares he for a country's progress or a people's progress!

What is needed is the impulse of a higher life, a better mode of living, an ambition to improve stock and character and people. Fewer cattle and better will do much to lift the native to a higher plane.

Unless the native realises all that this involves, without doubt the land will pass into the hands of those who can make better use of it. South Africa requires that the best shall be made of the land's opportunity and if the native will not seize the moment's privilege then he cannot blame the Government if the land is alienated to white use.

But *give them a chance under these new conditions.* Instead of native leaders saying, what Mr. John Dube said to me on July 29 on the veld, about seven miles from Somkele, on his way from a hunt in the bushveld, "the white man is taking our land away from us," let them say to their people—"make the most of the land you have, *cultivate, cultivate, cultivate, produce, produce, produce, improve* the character of your stock and the manner of your buildings."

This is just what West African Natives are doing in their country. There are thousands of individual native farmers, who own their own farms and grow cotton, cocoa and other marketable commodities, and are rich men. The country is reaping the benefit of their efforts and they are making good. This is just what Dr. Aggrey told us on his recent visit to South Africa. And there must be the utmost co-operation between White and Black here.

The three great essentials for the native, as for the white—and my experience during this visit to Zululand has abundantly confirmed the opinion—the three primary needs in a country's development are *ambition*, *industry* and *sacrifice.* None of these singly is sufficient, but all must be present. Hence we come back to a more primary need in character and spirit and outlook. Where there is no vision the people perish; where a people's spirit is vitiated there is no ambition; where a people's character is weak there is no strength to attempt, no power of endurance, no steadying grace. It is here essentially that the Christian Church makes its

appeal and finds its basis of hope and success. The missionary's message contains a gospel of hope and redemption from those powers of a people's degradation vested in heathenism. It gives an ethical teaching which when applied to the heart, life and character of "the convert" imparts strength, patience, endurance, steadying grace. It makes a people's spirit to be resilient and resolute. It cleanses the vision and men see what they look at and more! and they reach what they aim at and thank God infinitely more. Heaven is thrown in.

II. Evangelism and Education at Nhlopenkulu (Nongoma).

We left Ntondweni, on July 30th, for our 100 miles motor ride through the Hluhluwe and Mkusi Settlements, reaching Nongoma (Nhlopenkulu) in the evening. The day was warm and at midday hot in the fever belt. We crossed rivers and their tributaries through the day. The Umsindusi River was crossed three times and we were held up in the bed of the main section by water in the engine, and had to be pushed through by willing Natives.

The scenery is wonderful and the land very fertile. The mimosa and the mhlosinga abound in the lowlands. This is a fever-belt indeed, and you are never able to forget it. Every few miles stretches of the "fever tree" reminds you of your presence in the danger zone.

One sees the first attempts of white settlers—colonial and oversea—to win the

land to usefulness. Here and there fields of cotton greet the eye. Of course the terrific drought of 1924 wrought sad desolation and the cotton yield was for the most part destroyed. The bollen was struck from the plants and washed away to the sea.

At one part we passed a crude sign-post with the words—

Com. Wild.
Quest,

indicating the farm named Quest, possessed by Com. Wild of the famous Antartic vessel of that name.

Zululand has lured men from far, and in its quiet, sun-washed spaces they are winning the land to wonderful utility. All honour of these pioneers of to-day who have entered the

land of the Mhlosinga,

the fever-belt of Zululand; and are redeeming it from neglect. The Native had deserted it for the Uplands. We passed just south of the border of the Vryheid District, and between us and the Pongola are the great cotton estates of Southern Vryheid.

Nongoma is situated in the uplands and spread over several hilltops, and our mission station is on a beautiful plateau five miles away from Nongoma. It is thus five miles away from the nearest church (Anglican) station. Its name should be Nhlopenkulu and not Nongoma. Founded by Rev. C. E. Dent, 18 years ago, it shows the wisdom he revealed in the selection of the site and the laying out of the station. It is well-wooded now and the fine jacara-

da avenue leading from the mission house to the mission school is a splendid result of the enterprise of Mr. and Mrs. Dent, in their efforts to beautify Mount Zion.

The church is a good substantial, not large, building, and we had a really helpful service in it one day. The red blouse of the Manyano was much in evidence. The devotion of Mrs. Hurcombe to this side of the work is telling powerfully.

I spoke to the evangelist, Simon Kunene, who had been a favourite of Dinuzulu in his younger days, but who was won for Christ nearly 30 years ago. He was one of those baptized by the Rev. Thomas Major on that never to be forgotten trek he took from Eshowe throughout Northern Zululand—one of those historic "treks" that mark a dividing line in the history of a people.

Kunene became an evangelist 14 years ago. The centre of his activity at Ebukalini is a model of Native church life. Good discipline, almost military in character, is linked with a fervent form of spiritual life, eventuating in an evangelism that seeks the salvation of the heathen around.

Here also is Mabhengu, now an elderly man, who with Manase Makanya, an evangelist at present in Maputaland, formed that interesting deputation who walked 250 miles to find a Wesleyan missionary to come into Northern Zululand and shepherd a growing church that had been established by Native agency. They found Mr. Major in Eshowe, with good results, as is well known.

Our station here should not be called Nongoma but by its real name

Nhlopenkulu.

It is five miles away from Nongoma and from the nearest other church mission. To be sure, there is room for us, and the need for us one can easily see. Then the R.C. have bought an old "trading site" just about a mile from Nongoma and on the adjacent property the Government intends building a hospital.

There is development foreshadowed full of interest.

Nhlopenkulu gives promise of becoming a centre of Native Education. Rev. Carl Poulsen had vision and wrought nobly in laying the foundations of this enterprise. Already there is a primary school well-established, with 85 scholars and an average attendance of 80 for the last year. This is a really significant fact. For young people to go to school means that they wish to be Christians. There is no rush of heathens for education.

One youth of nearly 17 years of age intimated to his father his wish to go to the mission school. He had already been in attendance. His father knew it meant a breakaway of the boy from heathenism and the lad was beaten; but he went again and in spite of repeated flogging he persisted in his desire. The boy was a boarder at our Nhlopenkulu mission school for four years. Now he is a preacher on the Plan and was recommended by Mr. Poulsen for an evangelist. There are several boarders of this description.

The establishment of an Intermediate School is proceeding apace, an average of 10 is the requirement of the Education Department; last term they had an average of 17. Next year there will be

30. This is a good prophecy—Nhlopenkulu has a fine outlook.

The industrial side of the curriculum is stressed. The boys till the land and tend the garden. They have built the substantial Primary School and industrial room. They are now engaged in erecting the Intermediate Boys' Hostel, and for them it is very creditable and giving promise of better things in days to come.

From this centre will go out young men who will be the Teacher-Evangelists of Northern Zululand, particularly of that portion of it known as Tongoland—the fever-stricken area of Zululand.

Seven boys are here for training from distant Kosi Bay. They walk over a hundred and fifty miles to school! This takes them 5 days.

The Tongas are a people not to be despised, when two men will walk over 250 miles to ask for a missionary and when 7 boys trek 150 miles to school. They are to be pitied and helped when you think of their fever-stricken lives and homes and land. Verily the establishment of Threlfall was a God-inspired movement and deserving of all support.

By and by a Girls' Hostel will have to be erected, and Mr. Hurcombe is wide-awake to the growing possibilities of the mission.

But our eternal handicap is felt here as elsewhere. The Mission is restricted only for want of the necessary funds. The committee is keen and helpful, but its hands are verily tied. It is hoped that through sympathetic approach the Natal Native Trust will come to our help; but we are almost solely dependent on the goodness of our people in this matter.

Rev. T. E. Marsh is nobly supporting this Mission in Zululand.

Threlfall and Nhlopenkulu are his babies. The Conference gives some £300 in addition to the £850 from Mr. Marsh. But much more might be spent in developing our work in this needy area. Whatever may be said of missionaries overcrowding in Southern Zululand, here where we stretch from Mhlatuzi River to the borders of Swaziland and Portuguese East Africa, here where we have "great spaces washed by sun," here, where in Nine Reserves we have 90,000 Native people, there is the need of our intensive Evangelising Ministry. We want more evangelists in this fascinating and yet fever-stricken country.

III.—The Seeds of Sacrifice.

We left Nhlopenkulu on August 1st by motor to make Mkuzi Drift. It was a delightful run through the new cotton settlements, and as we passed Commander Wild's place again we wondered what he was thinking of his new surroundings. Certainly he has had the fever, and we hear has found no native people in any country so trying as those on the Low Veldt.

We were held up at the drift. The car coming from Ingwavuma had returned earlier in the day by some misunderstanding. We certainly wondered what to do, and I imagine both Mr. Hurcombe and I prayed in our soul for guidance. Mr. S. B. Theunissen had to

return to Ntondweni, so could not help us. We dipped into our tuck-box and did well and soon a hunting party motored up in a Dodge van and we bargained with them to take us on.

So mixed up with dogs, guns and other hunting gear, we made the Ubombo Mountain. What a road! For four miles it is 1 in 6. For a portion it is 1 in 4, and up this all the dogs walked! And didn't we know it. The Dodge just boiled her way up. But we made good, and reaching the top were amply rewarded. What a gorgeous view? Nature in all her mountain glory—our Eastern Switzerland! We passed in review the two-peaked mountain called Tshaneni, the scene of the last war between Cetewayo's people and Isipepu, when the Usutos were the conquerors. We skirted the borders of Zulu romance and we wonder whether the Usutos are going to find themselves, as a tribe, the link between all the tribes of Zululand, and whether native tribes in the other parts of South Africa are quietly waiting and patiently preparing to be welded into a mighty people, acknowledging "one out of the North" as King of South Africa. The Bayeti of such a multitude would shake the land from Cape Town to the Matopos and from Walfish Bay to Kosi Bay. We wonder. Pray God ere that comes to pass the influence of Christian Missions will have effectively permeated the land, to give such an Empire of Nations steadying power and peaceful

purposes and pursuits. The growing race-consciousness among the Bantu of South Africa is significant.

We were privileged to visit the Zululand National Training Institution, where are some 40 young chiefs and other chief men of Zululand. It is at Ivuma under the shadow of the Royal kraal, Mahashini, where Solomon mostly resides.

It is just an educational institution, although the Rev. Mr. Oscroft is its Principal. We are wondering what influence it will have on the so-called princes of Zululand. The future is full of interesting possibilities. Certainly Mr. Oscroft is doing very well.

We reached the Pongolo in the Lobotini area at sundown, and

Crossing the Pongolo

on a punt was an experience not to be missed. We saw no "crocs," although the river swarms with them. It is a wide sheet of placidly moving water and its banks are filled to the edge of the river on both sides with bush and grass.

Here we touched Swazi folk and were wangled over the river by two of their men. I am writing this from Ingwavuma and here we are close to the border of Swaziland, Portuguese East Africa and Natal proper. From a krantz not far away you could touch Swaziland by a drop of 2,000 feet to the Low Veld. One is not anxious to make its acquaintance that way.

If what I hear on this journey is true, our native people in the Union can be very grateful they do not live over the Portuguese border!

We reached Ingwavuma at 8 p.m. and this morning had a fine service at our Mission Station. The Church was packed beyond comfort. No one could wish for a more attentive people or a warmer welcome.

It was unique in that the Missionary Secretary, the Superintendent (Rev. E. H. Hurcombe), and the newly-appointed Minister (Rev. A. B. Sidaki) were welcomed together. Ingwavuma had doubled its missionary subscriptions last year and promises to do still better this year, and they looked as if they meant it.

The Ingwavuma Station is pleasingly situated, with a magnificent outlook over the Low Veld leading to Threlfall. Its one drawback is a swamp on the station lands which is a death-trap in the malarial season. We have suggested steps to be taken for its being drained.

A Touch of Sadness.

We visited the little Mission cemetery and paid our sad respect to the memory of two noble missionaries over whose graves is a pleasing memorial. I speak of the late Rev. and Mrs. H. Nash. The sun has just set and all is so quiet here at Ingwavuma; not a sound do I hear, but in my heart is the utterance of appreciation, of love, of grateful remembrance of those whose last resting place I have visited to-day. The seeds of their sacrifice will bear fruit in the days to come, and one can hear the tramp of feet that shall follow in the paths they helped to cut out in this dark and difficult part of Zululand.

We thought kindly of the grave of Mr. and Mrs. Poulson's girl of seven years, and of Mr. and Mrs. Carr's baby of a year old—side by side; and of the child of Mr. and Mrs. Nyembesi, and our thoughts went to Threlfall and Newcastle and Vryheid with a prayer for those who have loved and lost for a while.

I wonder if the Church really understands what she owes to these men and women for their sacrificial ministry. I call the Church to appreciation and sympathy and still greater support of this work.

IV.—The Trials and Humour of Travel.

We left Ingwavuma on August 3rd early in the morning and passed our Mission Station a little later, where I parted from the Rev. E. H. Hurcombe and the Rev. A. B. Sidaki and his wife, who were full of appreciation of my brief visit to their church and school and home. I, too, am full of appreciation of the tuck-box Mrs. Sidaki had prepared. She need not be ashamed of the good dinner she had given me yesterday. God prosper them in their new appointment and keep them both from the ravages of fever.

We struck the trail for Ndumu about four miles out of Ingwavuma and passed through thornland, through valleys hot and dry, but where you saw evidences of storm and rushing rivers. Crossing the Ingwavuma river was a refreshment and not difficult.

The Mkai tree is almost as abundant as the Mimosa and the yellow aloe (mhlapu) together with a bright red lily (icanu) helps to decorate the veld and make it less monotonous.

It was a sleepy drive between 10 and 2 o'clock, at least the driver felt it to be so, for he soundly slept for a mile or so, as the mules jogged on over the never ending track through the grasslands on which nothing seemed to feed. It cannot be said that the land is occupied. For twenty-five miles there were but four kraals in evidence, and we but met five natives, and these were Swazi or Tongo.

The drive had its little amusement, and it came in connection with the two mules by the not unfamiliar names of Liza and Lizzie. Liza has her own way, of course, and so had Lizzie, as I found out later on. Early in the morning Liza was not keen and left the work to Lizzie. I drew the driver's attention to it. "O," he said, "Liza does not pull until after breakfast." Dear me! Later she did her share.

At the outspan Lizzie seemed to remember, and as they munched their mealies she tried again and again to have her revenge on Liza through her heels. I am keenly interested in these two "girls," as the driver calls them. They have made quite a name for themselves in the history of our Zululand Mission. I shall be grateful to Liza and Lizzie ere I have finished my ten days' trek with them.

I am thinking of the Pongolo and crossing it on the punt with them. I

can quite fancy these mules on a punt—and wondering. . . . . !

I am at the store of *Mdumu Limited* for the night and leave at 6 o'clock in the morning for Pele Ndaba, and the driver says " It's a dreadful journey." At any rate travellers this way have a chance of cultivating the philosophic temper and the patience which remembers " to-morrow is another day."

Here we are but four miles from the Portuguese border with the Usutu river running between us. The Mdumu Estate is rapidly developing its cotton lands and they look well, although last season's crop was spoiled by floods and the ravages of the *jassid* insect and the *bol worm*.

It should be an object lesson in every district to our native people to see what the white man is doing to redeem the land to fertility—land that has seemingly been allowed to lie dormant for centuries.

The Minister of Lands is visiting Zululand and will be here at Mdumu on Wednesday, August 5th. Other lands are to be given out to settlers along this low veldt, and in a few years dreary stretches of thornland will be transformed into a cotton paradise.

V. Threlfall—overlooking sunlit Kosi Bay.

The last chapter concluded with the observation that vast stretches of thornland along the low-veldt were being transformed into a cotton paradise. This but affords an illustration of the moral

transformation that is being affected in the life of the Zulu and Tongo people by the preaching of the Gospel.

From Ndumu we travelled, still by mule cart, through the land of swamps, sand and the Ilala. We passed through the fever belt again and saw a valley swarming with the fever tree (Mhlosinga). Leaving the Pongolo and skirting the huge swamp beyond we hit the sand trail and found it tantalising beyond desire. Later we entered the

Land of the Ilala.

The Swazi driver pointed to the ubiquitous palm plant and remarked that "the Natives of Maputaland get their whisky from this tree."

We reached *Pele Ndaba* after a weary day's travelling. Here is a Native trading station at which we rested for the night and here Mr. Manasse Mkanya, an evangelist, brought me a bottle of fresh milk which was most acceptable. Mr. Mkanya was one of the two natives who went from Kosi Bay to Eshowe to beg that a Wesleyan Missionary might be sent to care for the people of Tongoland.

That night I was alone in a Native hut the only white man for miles. You felt you were out in the wilds of Zululand. The silence was intense and the one dominant song in my heart was

"Oh, it's quiet down here
But God is very near."

An early start the next morning brought me to Manguza, a trading station with a white man in charge, and I spent the next evening in his company.

We talked of the needs of Maputaland and of South Africa. Here I read Price's article in the *Oversea's Mail* on the "The Black Shadow over South Africa" and in which that famous journalist advocates an increase of white immigration as the remedy.

You cannot count distances by miles in Tongoland, but by the time it takes you to get to your destination. It took Mr. and Mrs. Poulson fourteen days to travel, by ox-wagon, from rail-head (Somkele) to Kosi Bay. I took the best part of five days from Ingwavuma to Threlfall by mule cart.

The last stretch of the journey, from Manguza to Kosi Bay was through great reaches of grassland, plentifully interspersed with the *Ilala* and *Isundu* palm trees. From the palm sap the Natives make their intoxicating drink called

Bosulu.

Strange how every tribe has its own means of producing intoxication. The Tongas make their strong drinks from the Umgano tree, from sugar cane, from millet and amabele; but their national drink is bozulu, made from easily fermented palm wine. The sap of the *Ilala* is a valuable product in itself. It is said to contain much *vitamines* and used in its simple, natural state is good for growing children and even for babies, but fermented it becomes a means of drunkenness and is a curse to the people. Even the king, Mgwanase, is a slave to it.

Miss Prozesky and I paid an official visit to the king at the royal kraal,

Imfihleweni. He is said to possess upwards of 160 wives. I shook hands with a dozen and stopped at that. The Queen Mother, Dhlamini Tembe, daughter of the Swazi royal house, is a great woman —a queenly woman and a womanly queen. She and the first and second wives are members of our Church. The king has built a Church in the royal kraal. I said "thank you" on behalf of Conference for what he had done to help our Mission to his people and gave him a present of a new waistcoat—the one garment of the white man of which the Chief is inordinately proud. We were treated royally and I ate of the essentially Native dish they provided. I asked the king, "How many children have you, Chief?" With a shrewd look and smile he quietly replied, "I don't know, I never counted them!"

Warm was the welcome awaiting us at Threlfall. Mr. and Mrs. Poulson and Miss Prozesky shared the joy of making me at home in the house that overlooks sunlit Kosi Bay.

It was a good day on the Sunday. How one rejoiced to see what I saw, feel what I felt and realize something of the good work done by Mr. and Mrs. Carr, Mr. and Mrs. Dent, Mr. and Mrs. Poulson—and Miss Prozesky. We had services, and Holy Communion and deputations. Specially touching was the appeal of some forty Native people that Miss Prozesky should be allowed to continue her good work. That is where such service as she can render is needed. Now Mr. and Mrs. Poulson are on the spot it has been decided to transfer Miss

Prozesky to Nhlopenkulu, to carry on her ministry in Northern Zululand. For what she has done in Maputaland hundreds will bless the name of God.

Threlfall helps to keep green the memory of a noble young missionary who suffered untold hardships a few miles north of Kosi Bay. As Miss Prozesky and I trekked into Portuguese East Africa, on that memorable Saturday, I thought of Threlfall at Delagoa Bay. Later as I travelled in South-West Africa I remembered how that in Namaqualand he was cruelly murdered. East and West are linked by a chain of sacrifice and in East and West I felt what a debt we owe to those early, intrepid missionaries who were pioneers of *Love* in sacrifice that shall one day save a continent.

We cannot minimise the sacrifice our missionaries make who volunteer for service in Maputaland—the land of fever. But it has been and is abundantly worth while. The Church should by prayer, sympathy and gifts help to ease the claims of that sacrifice.

The last glimpse we had of Maputaland was from the summit of Ubombo Mountain, as Miss Prozesky and I stood together, after climbing its 2,300 ft. and after travelling together for nearly five days without seeing any white faces. We looked over the hot, hazy stretches of the fever plains away to Kosi Bay, and we thought kindly of Mr. and Mrs. Poulson at their lonely task, but knowing of their joyous consecration to the

ministry among a people that need the uplifting, ennobling, saving Gospel of Jesus Christ.

The Venture justified.

A little over twenty years two Native christians, Mbenga and Mkanya, left Kosi Bay for their 250 mile trek to distant Eshowe, as many years before that another Native went to Durban from South Zululand on a similar quest—to find a Wesleyan missionary. In the latter instance the Rev. W. Wynne (chairman) responded wisely; in the former the Rev. W. J. Hacker (chairman) in spite of much opposition persisted in the attempt to enter Northern Zululand and to-day we see that both were justified.

We do not forget, of course, the very fine service rendered by the Rev. W. H. Irving, Rev. Thos. Major, and others who in the early days prospected the country and travelled from Eshowe to Kosi Bay, where the work was first begun in Northern Zululand.

In Northern Zululand—including of course Maputaland—there are two English and two Native ministers. There are 14 evangelists, 29 preachers, 85 leaders, 2,112 in membership, 5 schools with 312 scholars, 92 churches and other preaching places and some 3,000 people who belong to us as a Church. Truly the boldness of the step Mr. Hacker took has been abundantly owned of God. The vision has materialised!

But there are 90,000 Native people in Northern Zululand. Ours is the principal evangelising agency in this area. Our

work has but just begun. We need to multiply our man-power to win this country for Christ. Other Churches are helping, but what is being done is on too restricted a scale. We need to venture more greatly for God and Zululand. What a call all this dictates to the whole Church—make it possible for Conference to increase her agency in dark Tongoland, until from the Tugela river to the borders of Swaziland and Portuguese East Africa the country is transformed into a land of Christian song.

" Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim.
Till "—*all Maputa's people—*
Have learned Messiah's name.

Through South West Africa.

I.—Across the Continent.

The record of my visit to Northern Zululand and Maputaland finished with a last look, from the summit of Ubombo Mountain, over the hot, hazy, fever land of the Mhlozina away to Kosi Bay. The return to Nhlopeukulu was—interesting! Our motor car broke down and we had to "footslog" into Nongoma late at night and were taken in by the gaoler and done for—handsomely! The journey will not soon be forgotten either by Miss Prozesky or myself, nor yet the spiritually uplifting Sunday that followed at Nhlopenkulu. It was memorable.

The journey to Somkele and Durban was quickly taken and one was able to meet the Zululand Committee on important matters affecting Nongoma, Ingwavuma and Threlfall. Arrangements were made to expedite the work of Miss Prozesky—the Tongo woman's friend.

Whilst in Durban one touched our real Missionary work among the Indian people of Natal, under the guidance of Rev. J. Metcalf, who is doing our Church good service in this sphere; but this will be dealt with in a separate article.

Then came the rail journey to Estcourt, Ladysmith, Dundee, Vryheid and Harrismith, where one was able to do

some "campaigning" on behalf of the S. and M. Fund. It was all abundantly worth while.

In a parenthesis one may be permitted to pay tribute to the good work being done by the brethren in these circuits. It was an inspiration to note the progress made, and one was particularly glad to see the wonderful work at Ladysmith. The church and hall are a real credit to us. The church is a thing of beauty now: may it be a joy for ever to our people there. The Rev. J. Weir and his helpers have done great things for us, whereof we are glad.

A run from Harrismith to De Aar brought me to that important railway junction nearly an hour late, but a motor car carried me quickly to the new and pretty church-hall, where a congregation awaited a "Missionary Service." It was good to speak of the wider reaches of the Gospel and leave behind a vision of

Tongoland's Need

of the living Christ and His love. Later in the evening I left for what was an unknown land to me—South-West Africa. The night was cold, but the morning broke in brilliant sunshine, albeit the air was keen. The country to Upington and beyond is utterly uneventful, monotonous and almost an unbroken flat. We crossed the dividing line a little beyond Nakop, passing through *Boundary* station. It is well that the line is so marked, for nothing in the contour of the land would indicate it. A reference to the map shows that the boundary between the Union (and Rho-

desia) and South-West is an imaginary line drawn from Warmbad to a point in the desert parallel with the Victoria Falls.

What struck me most from De Aar to Seeheim were *thistles* and *bastards*. The former are an outstanding feature of the landscape; they swarm right up to the rails and disfigure the country in and around Upington itself.

One saw the denuded concrete piers of the bridge (long since washed away by floods) that had been hastily thrown over the Orange River by our troops in 1914-5, to carry the line from the Union to Kalkfontein, then the railhead of German S.W. At once memory began to assert itself and one is tempted to speak of the men who gallantly volunteered for that campaign and who, with wonderful fortitude, "carried on" against a threefold enemy—heat, sand and thirst—as well as against the enemy that finally surrendered, at Gibeon, to the Union forces. It all makes a chapter of heroism and self-sacrifice in the book of a people's progress. The children of to-morrow must not be allowed to forget what they owe to the men of yesterday.

At Upington we touched the *Bastards*, for the coloured people are much in evidence. This part of the country has long been known as

Cordonia.

Here the London Missionary Society and the Dutch Reformed Church are doing much good work amongst these people. The L.M.S. has over 2,000 members.

Speaking to the minister, whom I met by chance, I found the Bastards have

little to look to "to-morrow." They live just for to-day. Once the land was largely theirs for miles round Upington. They had driven out the Hereros and Damaras; but gradually the white invasion has produced unlooked for results. One by one the Bastards sold their farms, either through debt or for a little ready money. Often they parted with their farm for but £50. And now the bulk of them "till" the land for someone else. They plough and plant (chiefly lucerne and corn) on "the halves." The results are often most disappointing. They now complain that they have been robbed of their land.

It is another instance of the unwisdom of either coloured or native being in possession of land by *freehold*. Of course, there are happy exceptions to even this statement. But the Griquas in the South and the Bastards in the West have lost their homelands by their own folly.

One travelled from extreme

East to West.

Surely it is something like a record to preach at Kosi Bay, overlooking the Indian Ocean, in August, and to be preaching at Walvis Bay, overlooking the Atlantic, in a little over two months!

Across the Continent in the name of Christ! And the imagination wants to take wings, but we forbear that luxury. Nevertheless we are held by the thought that East and West are linked together in the purposes of the redeeming love of God. To me it is wonderful that in Christ there is neither East, nor West,

nor North, nor South, but all are one, and find in Him their living fellowship. Surely we are not in danger of the *limited objective* when we link East and West in the great missionary purpose of our Church.

What a call comes to us in the South to make this year's campaigning

The Best Yet

that we may have both the men and the money for the extension of our work, in countries like Tongoland in the East, and Damaraland with Ovamboland in the West.

II. Through the Desert of Sun, Sand and ——.

We were going to add the word Sin, a la a certain book, entitled "Sun, Sand and Sin," said to have been condemned by the late Gen. Botha. One thought of it as we journeyed through the Namib desert, as the sun gave us a "blazing" reception, as the sand caused irritation, and as we heard some things not to be set down here. But let it be said, very humbly, one has found

God in the Desert

to be very real. The burning bush in the desert held Moses in awe—he found the Divine there. We understand it better when we have lived in the desert.

And a large part of the 322,450 square miles of South West territory is desert. It is divided into four parts, Ovamboland, Damaraland, Great Namaqualand, Caprivizipfel and the Namib desert in the West. This consists of the stony

desert north of Walvis Bay, the Valley of Kuisip and the sand dunes down to the Orange River.* The Namib has an average width of from 60 to 70 miles and is over 300 miles long, and for sheer, dreary desolation, perhaps the Sahara cannot excel it.

One can believe that during some geological age there was "a tremendous upheaval of the marine bed," resulting in this semi-continent of sand and hard gneiss rock. A similar upheaval must have been experienced on the East, or was it that the ocean receded from the foot of the Ubombo mountain, leaving a huge low veldt of sand for a distance of 150 miles south of Delagoa Bay and from 20 to 80 miles wide? Maputaland is a land of sand; but there Nature has atoned for her conduct by covering up the sand with bush and grass, and by decorating the veld with the Icanu (lily), the Isundu and the Ilala (palm) plants. If she has made any reparation in the West, it is in that she has hidden desirable wealth in the sand, in the form of diamond and other minerals.

The coast is broken by four bays, Walvis Bay in the North and Elizabeth Bay in the South—a distance of some 300 miles, although by rail the two are some 760 miles apart. Between them are Luderitz and Swakop bays. It is of interest to learn that there is considerable activity at Elizabeth Bay. Quite a respectable harbour is being developed and £1,000's worth of machinery off-loaded there for the diamond industry of that region up to Kolmanskop.

* See Eveleigh's "South West Africa."

It is

Sand, Sand, Sand

everywhere and all the time, from Seeheim to Luderitz and back to Keetmanshoop; and to see a miniature sand storm, as one did at Kolmanskop, is an experience of interest. You wouldn't give a coster's whistle for the grass in this region. In fact the only green you see is in the flower pot in the home of your host—and I saw a fern and a palm from East London at Luderitz!—in the picture of a book or in the eye of the other man! That man must have been a humorist, albeit a German, who named a railway station in the Namib—Grasplatz! There is sand but no water in the Namib. One can understand the remark that "the rivers of S.W.A. are found, mostly on the maps." Outside Zululand all I have wanted after crossing rivers has been the proverbial clothes brush!

In parts of the S.W. a whole year will not witness a single storm. Think of it, at Walvis Bay the "annual average rainfall is less than one inch." The people of Luderitz and Walvis have been dependent on water condensed from the sea. The Kolmanskop Diamondfields are supplied by a 17 miles water piping from Elizabethbucht. In Keetmanshoop the streets are just stretches of sand, but during the last two years they have made side paths and the street roller is a water-cart. With water they can harden the road, to make it a comfort for both motor car and pedestrian.

I think the seemingly most forsaken part through which we travelled was Tschaukaib Station—the centre of the

sandy desert. There is only one wood and iron ganger's cottage. There is nothing else but sun and sand! Mr. Stanton, the young probationer (stationed at Keetmanshoop and who was travelling with me) went to speak words of good cheer to that one family. By the way, Mr. Stanton is doing a fine bit of work for His Master among these lonely groups along the South of the territory. I cannot speak too highly of what I have seen of it. Instead of getting "the miserables" and clearing out, he, like his Superintendent, Mr. Wood, is doing valiently and doing it with the joy of Christ in his soul and on his face.

The sun has possession here, if you please; but the climate is wonderful on these winter days. The air is dry and pure, and one has appreciated thoroughly its bracing properties. All the white children I saw were healthy and robust. The moon and the stars seem to shine with a greater brilliancy than one is accustomed to otherwhere. I witnessed the glory of a magnificent sunset when travelling between Upington and Seeheim. One was reminded of Shelley's lines—

"Brighter than burning gold,
Even to the rent where the swift sun
Yet pauseth in his descent."

I wonder what his language would have been had he seen a

Sunset in the Namib Desert.

It was too gorgeous for adequate description. One was held in wondering awe.

Windhoek is prettily situated amid surrounding mountains, and beyond Usakos

the country is "fairly rich in vegitation." In Damaraland and Ovamboland the flora and fauna are not of small account.

South West Africa is not to be despised although it is a land of stinging contrasts—from the sterile desert of the Namib to the well-wooded and desirable pastoral country of Damaraland and beyond.

The mineral wealth of the country is not inconsiderable. There are diamonds, tin, copper, some gold and mica. Luderitz was made a place of value by the discovery of diamonds in 1908. In one year 1,284,727 carats had been found, to the value of £2,153,230. The desert sand held riches that drew the greedy eyes of Europe to its inhospitable region and still the "findings" are such that it is the envy of more nations than one.

We understand that there is no great agricultural prospect for the country, but its pastoral possibilities are excellent. The farms, however, must be large—from 10,000 to 60,000 acres! It was long ago estimated that "S.W. could carry some 3,000,000 head of cattle and 2,000,000 sheep and goats" (Eveleigh's "South West Africa").

The country has had a chequered history. In the dim past one can see the Bushmen and the Hottentots in possession and in conflict. The former were the real aborigines of the land: they were overcome by the Hottentots. Then we behold various sections of the Bantu gradually working their way down from the North-East. There are the Damaras, the Ovambos and the Hereros. In 1913 the total number of Natives were 78,810. The whites numbered 14,830.

Since the war there has been a considerable increase of British and Jews in the Protectorate. There are but 7,000 Germans now. To-day there are 20,000 whites; 177,000 natives; 30,000 mixed and bastards including the 5,719 at Rehoboth.

The country has been developed since the German occupation in 1884, when Angra Pequena (Luderitz) was made part of Imperial Germany and since British occupation in 1914-5. It is remembered that Walvis Bay has been, with 400 square miles of hinterland, British since 1878. The German method of thoroughness in development one can appreciate, as witness the well-made rail tracks and substantial buildings in each of the leading towns—Windhoek, Luderitz, Keetmanshoop and Swakopmund. There are some 1,321 miles of railways of which 314 are narrow guage.

It is said that Imperial Germany spent £50,000,000 in possessing and developing the country and remembering that 85 per cent. of the exports (chiefly diamonds) went to Germany, she received, say from 1908 to 1913, some £10,000,000 in return.

But to the student of South African history one fact stands out so clearly that it scarcely can be denied that German Imperialists conceived the idea, and it had an intoxicating influence on their imagination, that South West was indeed a suitable avenue of approach for an aggressive design on British South Africa when "the day" arrived for its realization.

Because of what is now common knowledge, for the good of South Africa's future there can be no gainsaying of the

last observation of Mr. Eveleigh's useful monograph on S.W. that it "must drop into its natural place as an integral part of the Union of South Africa."

The blood of British and Dutch mingled in the soil of the land and, may be, from the seed of that united sacrifice will grow a harvest of content and prosperity, in which under the good Providence of God, both British, Dutch and German, together with the Native population, shall discover their true life and lasting peace.

III. Our Mission in the South West (a).

Need for the Methodist Witness.

As we observed the population of South-West-Africa is 20,000 whites, 177,000 blacks, 30,000 bastards. Of the whites the preponderating number is Protestant. Perhaps some 8 per cent. are Roman Catholics. Of the former some 30 per cent. belong to the German (and Rhenish) Evangelical Churches. Apart from these the Churches in occupation are Wesleyan, Anglican and Dutch Reformed.

The Germans keep very much aloof from the British and Dutch in social life and altogether in religious matters. In commercial life they vie with the Jews in the attempt to capture the trade of the country.

It was in 1821-5 that our Church began work in South-West Africa, and her early history was marked by heroic sacrifice. No reference to Namaqualand —Great and Little—would be complete

without mention of the name of William Threlfall, who was slain by Bushmen in 1825. He is the

Missionary Martyr of Namaqualand.

Up to 1865 our missionaries worked in Damaraland. Revs. J. Tindall and E. Cook were the two names connected with that period, when by the turn of the wheel of *mis*-fortune, about 1865, they were withdrawn by the Home Mission Authorities and "the stations were handed over to the German missionaries belonging to the Rhenish Missionary Society."

It was a regrettable action undoubtedly. Had the Wesleyan missionaries remained, it might have eventuated that this vast territory would never have become a German possession. Just as the Scottish missionaries of Nyasaland led the way to a British Protectorate in that land, so South-West Africa might have enjoyed the same control and thus to have made real the action of Captain Alexander in 1796, when he landed at *Angra Pequena* (Luderitz) and in His Majesty's name took possession of the land.

The German missionaries worked assiduously. Some are doing a noble work still among the native people. The one in charge at Gibeon has been in continual service for over 20 years, and says, "Ik het blydschap" in God's own work. The early missionaries' influence secured Herr Luderitz the privilege by which he obtained a considerable coast land of 200 miles around Luderitz Bay. The time came when the missionaries appealed for protection. The native

population was turbulent, and in the tribal wars the missionaries suffered. Until in 1884, Bismarck took the great step that led to the creation of German South-West Protectorate. Albeit Walvis Bay and adjacent country remained to the British. It was in the same year that Dr. Karl Peters secured treaties in East Africa which led to the German Protectorate there in 1885.

The wheel of time turned once more. The appeal to the fearful arbitrament of war has resulted in the whole territory coming into British possession. The grandiose scheme of the Imperial German military caste had failed of its objective.

But there is the sad comment that the Wesleyan missionaries were withdrawn at a critical juncture of Colonial history. We linger pensively on "what might have been."

Happily the South African Conference heard the call for service in the South-West and the Mission was re-established in 1915 by the appointment of the Rev. Joseph Wood to work in that area. For the first five years the work was of a military character, but the civilians were not neglected, and when the troops were withdrawn small causes had been established all over the country. The Conference of 1919 finally decided that our Church must continue to labour in the South-West. Three ministers were appointed and a suitable grant given. From that moment the work has never looked back. For in spite of rude shocks and many changes to-day we have well-established Methodist causes in the lead-

ing centres, which it is a joy for our ministers to serve.

Increase of Agents.

The wisdom of the step taken in 1915 is further shown by the 1921 Census returns. Nearly 600 people in the Protectorate declared themselves Methodists: whilst of the Free Churches there are nearly 1,300 enumerated. Amongst these our Church has a very special ministry. We are by no means reaching all we should, and an increase of our agents is imperative at the next Conference.

It is a long call from the year 1486, when Bartholomew Diaz, of Portuguese navigation fame, went ashore at the Bay, now known as Luderitz, and on Serra Parda—the massive grey block of rocks on the south of the bay—planted a stone cross, as if to claim the land for Christ. I am told that this very cross has been taken to a museum in Germany. (Mr. Eveleigh states that the fragments thereof, which survived wanton destruction from the hands of sailors, have been placed in the South African Museum in Cape Town.)

As I stood looking at the upstanding cross, now on the exact spot of the original—on Friday, September 11th, 1925—I thought kindly of that

> "first Christian to set foot on the soil of Africa south of the tropic" of Capricorn.

I had arrived in Luderitz the previous day and preached in the Native Church. It was my first sermon in S.W.A. and

to a native congregation! The next evening we had "church" in the Court House of Luderitz and an excellent turnout. Luderitz has a population of 850 whites and some 1,000 natives. Its streets are streaks of sand with trolley lines running through them. Its very existence is dependent on the diamond industry.

There are two diamond fields companies at work and on the fields there are 650 whites and 8,000 blacks. The bulk of the whites are Germans. Here we have a considerable sphere of service —amongst the whites in town and particularly among the natives in town and on the "fields." We should increase our white agency to overtake the call of the fields.

We reached Keetmanshoop on Sunday, September 13th, at 1.14 a.m. In the morning I gave the address at the Young People's Service and preached in the evening to nearly 70 adults, in the building that does duty for a church. On the Monday the Church Social was well attended and I gave a Missionary address of nearly an hour's length—and they didn't stone me! The new church is very much needed. Happily Mr. Marsh has come to their assistance with £500, and the sum of £1,000 is available. The plans are ready and tenders are being called for. Ground has been given and a spirit of hope prevails.

Already I see and feel that in the South-West, as elsewhere, the

Methodist Witness is Needed.

The presentation of the Christian Gospel to this land would not be complete

without the contribution that our Church makes. Even at *Reheboth* I learn that some coloured people hold their Methodist class meeting, although our ministers have not been able to give any attention to the Bastards as yet. We have a message for them, as for others, and one sees visions and dreams dreams of a wonderful development of our work in this vast country when we have the men and the means. God grant it may be soon.

IV. Our Mission in the South West (b).

"In journeyings often."—II Cor. 11. 26.

Station No. 17, in Minutes of Conference reads, South-West Africa Mission, and it is the largest circuit on our list. It comprises the whole of our work in the Protectorate. Windhoek and Keetmanshoop are the two principal places and there are twelve outstations. From De Aar through the S.W. and back to De Aar again, I travelled some 2,664 miles.

Our ministers, Mr. Wood and Mr. Stanton, are indeed travelling preachers. The Superintendent's average annual mileage is 20,000 for the last ten years. Think of 10,000 miles in a guard's van! He has needed what he possesses—a strong physique, an unruffled mind and a great soul; and he has made good.

I have his assistant's month's itinerary for August. I specially asked for it. It indicates something of the strenuous nature of its demands. But it speaks for itself.

"August 1.—Walvis Bay, Rail trolley from Swakopmund and visiting all day.

Sunday, 2nd.: 10 a.m. Service for Coloured people: 12 (noon) Compound service: 3 p.m., Sunday School: 8 p.m. Divine Service. Enteric had kept some away.

Monday, 3rd: Visited hospital in Swakopmund in the morning: left at 2 p.m. for Keetmanshoop—566 miles.

August 5—8: Usual studies, visiting and church work.

Sunday, 9th: Sunday School and Church Services.

Tuesday, 11th: Night in guard's van.

Wednesday, 12th: Ten miles walk to a farm; 8 p.m., Service in village hotel.

Thursday, 13th: To Windhoek—171 miles.

Sunday, 16th: Sunday School; Native and European Services.

Tuesday, 18th: To Gibeon: Cottage service for two families at Station: Night on waiting room floor.

Wednesday, 19th: To Gibeon village—6 miles: visiting and service at 8 p.m.: caught late train home—110 miles.

Saturday and Sunday: Sunday School Anniversary at Keetmanshoop.

Monday, 24th: Night in guard's van.

Tuesday, 25th: To Aus: day's visiting and service at 8 p.m.

Wednesday, 26th: To Haalenberg—well remembered by old campaigners from the Union. Day with ganger and family: fellowship in the things that matter.

Thursday, 27th: Completed journey to Luderitz—227 miles.

Friday, 28th: Day's visiting: 8 p.m. Native service: left 10 missionary boxes.

Saturday, 29th: Cart journey, 8 miles to Charlottental: 8 p.m. service for 120 natives: slept at the diggings.

Sunday, 30th: Trolley to Kolmanskop —then motor trolley to diamond fields: 10 a.m. Service with Afrikaans Interpreter: 12 (noon) Native and Coloured Service in simple English: 2.30 p.m. Native and Coloured service (Afrikaans and Xosa): 4.30 p.m. Native service (Sesuto and Bechuana): trolley back to Luderitz for English service at 8 p.m.

Monday, 31st: To Diaz Point (8 miles walk) to visit three families of lighthouse keepers: fine service amongst these who support us by their sympathy and prayers as well as money."

Verily service in the S.W. means to be "in journeyings often" like St. Paul himself.

I was interested in a brief perusal of the S.W. Railway "Working Time-Book." My curiosity was whetted as I saw several mottos that adorn the pages, top and bottom—a splendid collection! They are useful to more than "drivers" and "guards." Here are specimens—
"Careful men are always efficient men."
"The proper time to prevent an accident is before it happens." "Try to do at least one good turn for safety every day."
"It is better to be careful a hundred times than killed once." "There is so much to live for that it pays to be careful."

Of course the principal towns are railway depôts—Luderitz, Keetmanshoop, Windhoek, Usakos and Walvis Bay. Windhoek in addition is the administrative capital of the Protectorate.

I arrived there on Thursday, September 15, and had time to see Windhoek before the Sunday's work.

I recall Lord Buxton's delightful monograph on General Botha. The General's batman was a quaint, if efficient, "Tommy" who was in Mrs. Botha's good books. Before the forces left the Union she supplied the batman with postcards and asked him to send one every day to say how the General was keeping.

After Windhoek fell to the British forces, Mrs. Botha received a characteristic postcard message:

"Me an' the General took Windhoek yesterday. General's well."

I have not taken Windhoek, but it has taken me. The town lies some 100 miles East of the Namib desert and is a beautiful place surrounded by mountains. It contains many substantial buildings, well developed gardens, a delightful "park" and the beginning of a Zoo. It has a white population of 4,000, and in town and district over 11,000 natives.

Hofmeyer's Walk, threading its winding way in the near uplands of the town and running for some six miles, is a credit to the present Administrator and a blessing to the people. Windhoek is a Capital of rising fame and deserves to be better known in the Union. Its climate is perfect.

South West has a perfect babel of languages. On the European side it is tri-lingual. On the door of a certain room in the Town Hall—not Turnhalle, for the Germans have a separate hall—you read the notice, "Mayor's Parlour: Burgemeester's Kamer: Burgermeister."

Two languages are a nuisance, but three . . . . ! The case is worse amongst the Native population. I gave the address at the Gaol service in Windhoek and had three interpreters—German, Xosa and Kroo. There were 50 prisoners present and they spoke eight languages—English, Afrikaans, German, Herero, Bechuana, Xosa, Sesuto and Kroo (Liberian).

We had excellent services and meetings at Windhoek, Okahanjë, Usakos, Swakopmund and Walvis Bay. One was deeply impressed by the very fine work that Rev. J. Wood has done during the ten years of his appointment. He is a leader in matters educational, municipal and public, and Conference has reason to be grateful for his great ministry in this land that is coming to its own in the South African unity of life.

To reach the people who claim and welcome our ministry it is necessary for both our men to travel an average of 2,000 miles monthly. At Windhoek I had a congregation of over 80: Keetmanshoop 70; Luderitz 60 and equally good at the other places. Some idea of distances will be gathered from the following: Keetmanshoop to Windhoek is 314; Luderitz 545; Karibib 121; Usakos 140; Swakopmund 240; Walvis Bay 261; Grootfontein 403. Some 1,000 are attached to us as members and adherents and we care for 250 children besides the Natives.

The needs of our work in the South West are many. Particularly and immediately we require

1. To increase our Agents. Conference will be asked to make possible the appointment of an additional European

probationer, a Native minister and two Native Evangelists.

2. To build four European and two Native Churches. We have nine European congregations but no churches. There are two denominations who have two churches but no congregations! Keetmanshoop is happy in the prospect of its church. But South West needs help to build a suitable church at Windhoek. The sum of £1,000 would make it possible and all other schemes could be managed within the Protectorate. Who will come to their assistance?

3. To do more missionary work amongst the Natives and Bastards. The Rhenish and Finnish missionaries are doing well for the 90,000 Natives of Ovamboland. We are not needed there, although the Anglicans are foolishly entering that zone. But in and around Windhoek are over 11,000 Natives; at Luderitz and on the Diamond Fields, 8,000; at Walvis nearly 1,000, and of Bastards at Rehoboth over 6,000. Amongst these our ministry is needed, and to them we must go.

It has not been in vain to span a continent, travelling from Kosi Bay on the East to Walvis Bay on the West—as the crow flies, over 1,200 miles. I left Walvis Bay on Monday, September 28th, for Capetown—1,634 miles, thankful to have seen our work in both East and West.

Samuel Griffiths and Co., Ltd., Printers, Cape Town.